



down the road and play soon to know nothing more. How could I do that?—but I did it. And when I had got him home, I told him all about it, and he said, "I am sorry you did it, but I am glad you did it. You have done well." And so I went to the door, and the sound of his voice, and of my own thoughts, and of my own heart, were all that I heard. You must be here to-day without fail, or we may as well be here to-morrow. With all good will for your success with the horses, believe me,

"Yours truly,

GEORGE TRAVERS."

There was also a letter from my mother, reading thus:

"MR. DENIS RICHARD.—If you know what answer I will make about you in that dreadful country you would write often than you do now. I would like to receive a line, if possible, every day, or, at least, that you remain unharmed in the midst of lonely quiet scenes—lonely, savage people. I trust sincerely that you will not expose yourself to danger, or gain the ill-will of the savages by taking the part of any one against them. I would by no means wish you to behave in a way endangering the character of an officer and a brave man; but, you always try to get rid of any duty, such as giving ride, helping in government, and other matters connected with the interests of that unfortunate country; also, I hear it is dangerous for persons to be on friendly and familiar terms with any one who is impugned with his country, which I hope is not the case with Sir Denis Barnett. I wish my dear son, you were safe out of Tipperary. I shall never have a moment's peace till I hear of your being ordered elsewhere.

"Your most anxious and

"CATHERINE STAPLTON."

"Nigh-ho, my mother!" said I, as I finished reading this epistle. "I have been done for in Tipperary already—shot regularly through the heart with a deadly aim, and no hope of recovery. Better, perhaps, to have been assassinated in the usual Tipperary form, than lingering and suffering as I am now!"

Wednesday ended; then came Thursday—a wet day, with no stirring abroad, and much billiard playing in the afternoon, and loafing in and out of the rooms, looking at the sky, stretching up a book in the library and vainly trying to read it, or going through the conservatory and overlooking the garden there. Had I been able to go out and walk, I might not have been so utterly wretched; but that was impossible. It was one of those heavy-rainy days of the full summer time—worn, fragment, and hopeless as to clearing up. Miss Barnett was hid away all the afternoon, invisible to the eyes of mortal men, and I felt undeniably miserable.

"Then the rain of Athassel will be on the way!" said I, caring very little, if the truth is told, where I rode to.

"Yes, we shall pass is going to Golden; and the country along that direction is worth seeing, being well cultivated and really picturesque. You should not leave Tipperary without admiring our 'Golden Vale' that we are so proud of."

"Leave Tipperary!" I mentally repeated, while my heart sank. "Would to Heaven I had never behold a spot of its ground!"

That evening at dinner I found it hard to support any conversation. Miss Barnett was placid, stately, and calm as usual, often seeming absorbed in reflection. I knew that she was thinking of her brother. I did not presume to imagine that my approaching departure would give her an hour's regret. Once or twice when I alluded to the subject of my leaving Knockgriffon, and subsequent removal from Tipperary altogether, she betrayed no sign of feeling, that I could see, even had I been the veriest coxcomb in the kingdom. It was terrible to think that I had only one other day to live before my fate must perhaps be sealed forever!

Were I inclined to moralise I might here remark that what really did occur the next day seemed very like as though ordained to point out to me how little any mortal could dare to reckon upon what a day might bring forth. Miss Barnett complained of having caught cold that evening, from going out in the damp to look after some favorite flowers, and she certainly appeared very ill.

The next morning was brilliantly fine, the sun shining, the birds singing gaily. We were all apparently in better spirits than the day before; yet Miss Barnett was still suffering from severe headache, though she made her appearance at breakfast and looked even worse than on the last evening. Mr. Nugent was to go away from Knockgriffon that day, and could not accompany us in our ride to Golden; and as Sir Pavy was not willing to go with us either, it was unlikely that Barnett and I would have anyone to break our set-to-set, all the way, for Miss Barnett's headache rendered her quite unable to be of the party. We were discussing the subject of the ride when the post-boy was brought in. It contained a few papers and only one ordinary letter to Sir Denis, who read it, while his face flushed the least shade deeper in color than before.

"What is it, Denis?" asked his sister, whose eyes had intently watched the spolié on the first moment it had been drawn from the bag. It was a dirty-looking, vulgar letter, evidently from some one of humble rank.

"The first of its kind I have ever received," said Barnett. "Listen to the outside, my friend."

And he read out—

"SIR DENIS BARNETT.—You had best keep at home on to-morrow, Friday, for it is intended to shoot you dead when you appear; and you certainly deserve death, as a reward for what you are about to inflict on innocent, unoffending beings, who will be in wait for you, no matter where you go. Remember your father, and repeat, or else fly the land as secretly as you can. I wish you well; but I love my comrade and myself better. Mind, you can't say you weren't warned in time."

"Our war is Wonnow."

Pale as ashes Miss Barnett grew while her brother read aloud the letter, and then flung it

down the table for her to intercept more closely, and to conceal; but held it tightly in her hand, and it trembled with rage. "I scarcely conceive of what she means," said Barnett. "What's her name?"

"Of course you won't tell me," answered Sir Pavy, smiling at his brother.

"Sir Denis has not told me," said Barnett, smiling.

"I might as well tell you," said Sir Pavy.

"Not, however, as far as I am concerned," said Barnett, smiling.

"For God's sake, Denis, do not ride out alone to-day!"

"He will not be alone if he cannot go, Miss Barnett," replied I. "I have promised to accompany him in his ride today."

"Bosh!" she said hurriedly, in a low tone, as I held the door open for her; "but persuade him not to go if you can." And then she disappeared, probably to give rest to her excited heart in a burst of tears.

"It is necessary, Sir Denis, that you go out to-day!" I asked, as I sat down again.

"Yes, my dear father, and how! After receiving this friendly letter, I might go hoarse than ever. If I stayed at home to-day I might never expect to live in Tipperary again—with power, credit, or comfort."

"But something has occurred," I continued, trying to shake off the confusion of brain that was accompanying my speech. "I have not been dreaming, surely? Where am I? Who is standing near me?"

"You have been wounded, Captain Stapleton, but not dangerously," replied the same sweet voice.

"You are now at Knockgriffon. The surgeon has dressed your arm, and I have promised to take care of you, and prevent your talking too much."

"Thank God it is nothing more!" I exclaimed gratefully, while rapidly returning consciousness revealed to me clearly that I was lying on a soft, cushioned sofa in Knockgriffon House, and that Miss Barnett herself was watching over me. The pain of my arm, the feeling of faintness still remaining, were completely forgotten as I closed my eyes in a dream of happiness impossible to realize. I should have been only too glad to have been at that moment with one who was to have been at that moment an angel standing there.

By degrees I comprehended the whole state of the case. I had been shot in mistake for Sir Denis Richard. At first it was feared that my wound would have been obliged to be amputated, but this had been averted, though there was exposed. The doctor covered the limb to hold its position, and I was sent on my way to recovery. I immediately sent a note of thanks, fully reflecting my great sense of obligation. I know that I was an object of tender care to the being who was to be the doctor of all other poor souls. Sir Denis recommended me with much anxiety, and for the conduct of my recovery, to Captain Stapleton, of Athassel, and I have a strong suspicion that he is the author of this shot.

"It is well to have one's affairs all settled, he said pleasantly, when we had both placed our names to the document. "Now, Stapleton, I shall be ready to go in a few moments," and he left the room.

"It's in fix now," said Nugent, who looked grave and anxious; "but he never could have shirked going out this day after getting that note, and I am afraid he'll have given a strength that will be of service to him, probably, when he gets to his feet. There's nothing like shooting; you don't care a snap of your finger for threats of that kind. Barnett is as brave a fellow as ever I saw. Her last hand never shook as he wrote his signature before us there a while ago. 'God grant I may see him alive again.' I think I'll stay at Knockgriffon till you'll be likely to return. I never could rest easy, thinking of that poor young fellow and his sister and all that, if I went home early, as I had fixed to do."

"Now, Stapleton!" called out Barnett, his ringing voice from the hall; and I hurried to join him. His sister met me as I left the room, and I could perceive that she was much agitated, though not weeping.

"God bless you, Captain Stapleton!" she said, in some excitement. "I thank you from my heart for going with Denis to-day. You may serve to protect him in some measure. Very few would have liked to accompany him this morning; but you are a brave man, and I honor you. Good-bye, and many, many thanks."

She gave me her hand, and I received it with an earnest pressure. Without exaggeration, I may say I would have exposed myself to a far greater amount of danger than I was then likely to incur, merely to receive the reward of such words as had just then greeted my ear. Never did I spring into my saddle with a lighter heart than I did that fresh summer morning, and never before did I think the perfume of the breeze or the look of the country more charming, as we left the demesne and entered upon the high road. Now and then, as we rode along, I thought of my mother's letter and the advice it contained, against which I was directly acting that day. Occasionally, too, I dwelt upon the information Travers had sent me respecting the destiny of our regiment after its removal from Tipperary. To-morrow I must be at Cashel again, in all the fun of packing up and preparing for a move. As the day advanced I grew somewhat dispirited again, and dwelt more deeply on the separation I must endure next day. I forgot all about Sir Denis and his danger, all about the grateful words uttered to myself by his sister; nothing was uppermost in my mind but the terrible fact that I must leave Knockgriffon before twenty-four hours had passed away! We rode over miles after miles of quiet, pleasant country, sometimes chattering, sometimes plunged in thought. I beheld the ruins of Athassel Priory; but cannot say I admired them particularly, my mind was too perturbed to permit me taking note of external things. When Sir Denis had transacted his business at Golden, we turned our horses' heads towards home, having still some hours of broad daylight before us. As usual, there appeared very few wayfarers on the roads. It was a sultry, peaceful evening. The sun, which had been sinking warmly all the day, now increased its power, though the effect of its previous brilliancy yet hovered in the atmosphere. I thought it a very melancholy evening—so still, so unrelieved by breath of wind, almost unconscious in its oppressiveness.

"Captain Stapleton, I have long determined never to marry!" (How my heart sank!) "To live all my life with Denis has, since I grew up and before it, been my fixed resolution. Surrounded as he is in Tipperary by hourly dangers, I could not bear the idea of being separated from him; and as my fortune, I am thankful to say, is very ample, I have no such incentive as most women unhappy have, to urge me to resign a single life, whether inclined to do so or not. Should Denis marry, I have always intended that I would reside within a short distance of Knockgriffon, at the place bequeathed to me by my grandfather, which adjoins my brother's property. You see, therefore, that my husband, should I now accept one, must either be a thorough Tipperary man, or resigned to make himself one. You know enough of our unhappy country, Captain Stapleton, to understand how little I could venture to urge any one to reside within its boundaries!"

"I am delighted for your sake that the day has turned out so fortunate," replied I, endeavoring to appear glad at anything.

"Such a charming evening as it is to—Let us pause here to watch the effect of the sunset upon these hills."

We checked our horses' pace, and lingered to look at the red rays of the declining sun, but

had only a short time before us. Captain Stapleton, who had been watching the progress of the sun, said, "I am sorry to tell you that I have lost him."

"I am sorry to tell you that I have lost him," said Barnett, smiling.

"Good God, Miss Barnett!" I said.

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## MAD SISTERHOOD.

"I would not eat you much, dear,  
To have in the shade,  
While our gay, irresponsible winter  
We and others the world over look;  
Let the red rose down, around us,  
And the dead leaves scatter down,  
Our hearts are full and green,  
Through the frost's mould and brown."

II.

"I would not eat you much, dear,  
To let me see your hand  
Unfolded—though well I know it;  
For the flower in the boudoir;  
And those dainty little fingers  
For my basket night I hold;  
I would not eat you much, dear;  
To me, "Vivere gira mundo!"

III.

"I would not eat you much, dear,  
To have no whisper low  
A secret I discovered;  
Not quite a week ago,  
Would you promise, saying told you,  
That I never need repeat?  
Ah! I guess it! No reply!  
See your silence gives consent!"

EVELYN FOREST.

## The Twin Sisters of Malta.

FROM THE DUTCH OF MADAME TOURNAINE.

How pleasantly are the rocky shores of Malta still reflected on the calm blue surface of the evening sea as dancing upon it!

Yet also! This Malta, with its proud signs of former, its threatening canons, and its peaceful industry; with its simple fair roofs, and its fantastic balconies; with the blood-red oranges, and the sweetest grapes in the world; the aged empire of the old chevaliers, which languished in eternal minority under English guardianship; this Malta is no longer what it formerly was. One would be wringing it to call it the shadow of its bygone splendor, for the shadow resembles the original, if even only in uncertain and faint outlines; but Malta has entirely lost its early form. Perhaps here and there a single rare feature of its past history reminds one that the Malta of the nineteenth century is little resemble that of the time of Hugo de Payne, as the lords of the wookneck resemble the grand masters of old.

A totally different life now prevails there. The dreared enemy of the Mussulman faith, who unmercifully brandished the Cross against the Crescent, no longer claims tribute from Turk and Pagan; on the contrary, it has become a great custom-house, while English toll-gatherers demand tribute from every sail which is hoisted on the wide navigable waters of the Mediterranean sea. The naked rocks, to which each Falida brought a handful of earth, became a fruitful island, warmed by Africa's sun, and enlightened by European civilization. The postical abode of the pious knights has become the prosaic seat of extensive commerce; it is at once the blessed spot where, with each breath, one inhalates renovated health, and whilst the aristocracy of England, the bonnie society of France, and fashionable travellers from every other nation, resort with pleasure. In short, Malta need not regret that it has kept pace with the times; it has not lost much of its consequence since it exchanged the white banner for the union jack of Great Britain.

But I have allowed myself to be too far carried away by my reflections, which are not little suited to my inglorious tale. I had much better have said a few words about the women of this charming island, those women so entirely popular, in whom the fire of the Arab females is so intimately blended with the captivating, languishing manners of those of Sicily, who, in gracefulness, yield precedence to none of their southern sisters. Above all, they recall to the observer that Africa is in the rear, and that there Europe begins.

Among these, the twin sisters, Peppa and Magallan, deserve the prize of beauty. Richer and darker hair seldom adorned brows of more delicate transparency. Their blue-black eyes sparkled like bright cut steel, and between their lips, whose redness reminded one of fresh pomegranate, glistered teeth as white as the purest pearls of Coromandel. Their features bespoke oriental exquisiteness, tempered by mildness, which, added to the tone of true amiability that pervaded their whole manner, lent a singular charm to their words and movements. Education and practice had made them both familiar with the first European languages, yet they preferred to speak the Maltese-Arabic, which still exists among the people, the agreeable sound of which, and the power of its expressions, causes one to forget that it is entirely wanting in literary cultivation.

It would be difficult to say which of the twin sisters was the handsomer, or in what Peppa's beauty differed from Magallan's. In form, face, voice, gait, and movement, they were entirely alike, and this resemblance was much increased by their dress being exactly the same. They wore the Maltese caftan, which was fastened to a little sash, but interwoven with gold thread, thus greatly brightening the shining blackness of their hair. Both were bodices of closely-woven velvet, richly embroidered, and light blue over-skirts of slight guayu texture. Their sleeves, of Venetian silver guayu, by no means hid their beautiful rounded arms, with the delicate State hands, which played with fine lace in color and size. Peppa, however, had a bunch of flowers in her sash, whilst which presented her own father, the worthy Paolo Paterno, would not have been able to distinguish the first-born from her sister. The same situation, the same fate, always being together (they had never been separated for longer than an hour or so), could not fail to have effect upon their feelings and actions; and even their names denoted that she had never met with exterior resemblance joined to such perfect similarity of disposition. They were sisters in every sense of the word.

Martine Bonheur Tournaine is considered one of the best French writers of the present age in Ireland. Her lyrical tales are much admired for their truth, the power with which her characters are drawn, and the clear and natural way in which they are told. She has also written the history of the Maltese Islands, in which the author describes the life of the people, the manners, customs, and institutions of the country, telling with a touching minuteness her stories—Tales.

Good St. Paul's Priory situated in a little cove in the bloom of her youth, and could never reconcile himself to a second marriage, found his only consolation in poor St. Paul's Priory. Why but that he could tell his wife that they did not care for whom he could have married his beloved mistress? This was worth of a philosopher, which, after performing for several years successful voyages, had made him one of the most wealthy inhabitants of La Valletta.

When Peppa and Magallan had obtained their birthright, the thoughts of his mother occupied Paolo more and more. He therefore took his mother's place in the joy of family. Paolo, who had fallen under Napoleon, and, although still very young, Matteo was introduced to Payne. Another and more brilliant match had offered for Napoleon, the nephew and posthumous son of the celebrated general in Malta, who was a Greek by birth, a Maltese by nationality, and a French by all his heart and soul.

The two damsels had not hesitated a moment to consent to their wishes with the gladness selected for them, and, without further thought, they easily looked forward to the coming event, which each day brought nearer.

One day Paolo, who was accustomed every year to take some vacation, accompanied by his children, prepared to them that they should go with him one more before their return on a trip to Algiers, which place, under the hands of its French conqueror, was undergoing such wonderful reforms.

The beautiful twins waited for nothing better, and they soon set out on their voyage. But in the way in which they took leave of their lover, and in the manner in which they greeted them on their return, there was too striking a difference to escape the notice of the young man.

Peppa treated Matteo more coldly and formally than she had ever done before, and Magallan's petted lover was to be blamed and violence of which he had never suspected her capable. The former bore it patiently, as one who was painfully familiar with misfortune and suffering; the Greek, on the contrary, became irritated and suspicious. Notwithstanding that the father saw this change with great sorrow, he could not imagine what could be the cause; he could not understand what had so suddenly transformed his lively, gay daughters into such whimsical, morose girls; why these gentle dear ones were so capricious and cruel to those who had claimed upon their love. The honest captain possessed, it is true, plenty of natural common sense for every-day life, but he understood nothing of the fine shades of the female heart, and he was not capable of discovering what lay behind the expressions which he daily encountered; this was beyond his power. The truth was, however, that the twenty days spent by the damsels, apparently so indifferently and monotonously, within the walls of the houses of quarantine, after their return from Africa, had been rich in events and experience, which had suddenly made them much older and more knowing, if not more sensible.

For these in good health the house of quarantine is no gloomy invalid's prison, full of privations and oppressive constraint; the only constraint that one meets with there is that it cannot be quitted at one's pleasure, and that there is no communication with the outer world. But it is a roomy, airy dwelling, in which every one would be pleased if it only bore another name; where every one can choose his own apartment according to his rank and means, and settle himself as he thinks best; where one sees flats at home, just like a frequented carnival on rainy days. Whilst promenading in the galleries or on the broad terrace one makes acquaintance, exchanges friendly words, and arranges to meet in future at some place of general resort, as one does at the promenades at watering-places; and as the assemblage is less numerous, and the choice, therefore, more limited, one even sooner becomes intimately acquainted.

Thus it happened, when Peppa and Magallan wandered arm in arm upon the terrace, enjoying the pure morning air, or watching the last rays of the evening sun, that they were soon remarked by all the young men. By one, however, in particular; he was a Frenchman, the young Count Jules de St. Elme, who, from discontent and aversion of the artificial tone of society, and the vice of the higher circles in Paris, his native place, had escaped from thence to seek among people less cultivated, and under other names, that purity which he considered lost in his fatherland. But in the East the poor young man met with the same character under another form, only more distinctly displayed, and in more repulsive traits; for it appeared under coarse expressions and almost brutal roughness. Thus, in despair of finding there what he desired, he returned to Europe, still uncertain in which of its countries he should now seek for his ideal; for notwithstanding he had become acquainted with love in the boudoirs of Paris, where it is called coquetry, and in the pavilions of the East, where it is called sensuality; he still hoped to find the woman who did not only think that he was a count, but that he had ten thousand a year, or that he was the lion to conquer whom vanity vied in every drawing-room, or the lively youth with the dark blue eyes and the Greek profile; no, the woman who had a heart capable of responding to his own, and who would willingly listen to him without making inward calculations while half yawning at his words of love. Expecting so much as he did, it may be supposed that he had not yet fixed on his future destination, when plenty of time was afforded him to reflect and determine in the hours of quarantine.

Our charming twins had already been a few days in quarantine when he arrived. After seeing the beautiful sisters once or twice, and having spoken to them a few times, can you blame him that he came to the bitter conclusion that he was in love, not with Magallan, nor with Peppa, but with both, and without being able to say which of them he would choose and which he would permit to take his choice? It was positively not his fault.

When they hovered before him, each movement full of grace, when at the same moment the five of them two pairs of dark eyes met his, and with equal fidelity were turned from him; when both the young ladies were overpowered, with a similar blush, and the sweet voices spoke to him with equally natural frankness, then the irresistible charms of both attractiveness captivated him and drew him towards them; then, indeed, one could play the poor, romantic count, perhaps even laugh at him a little, as he stood caught in the fatal net; but to blame him—that was impossible.

And the sweet sisters, too, who until now had been accustomed to live without meditation and without meditation, without consciousness and without love, feelings and sensations springing up, which they did not apprehend, to make

other, too, however they wished, to drop them from their minds, but between them, they did not understand them, because they were not accustomed to them. Neither, of themselves, nor with the help of others, could they discern for their own selves the most experienced women of the world, without whom every woman considered that their individualities were themselves not discover in them. So far it concerned the young Frenchman, who had come to the port of the twin sisters.

"I am not to be wondered at that the pretty Mattheo and Magallan were uninterested with the young Frenchman," said the young Paolo more and more. He therefore took his mother's place with still more anxiety than before, and although still very young, Matteo was introduced to Payne. Another and more brilliant match had offered for Napoleon, the nephew and posthumous son of the celebrated general in Malta, who was a Greek by birth, a Maltese by nationality, and a French by all his heart and soul.

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For these in good health the house of quarantine is no gloomy invalid's prison, full of privations and oppressive constraint; the only constraint that one meets with there is that it cannot be quitted at one's pleasure, and that there is no communication with the outer world. But it is a roomy, airy dwelling, in which every one would be pleased if it only bore another name; where every one can choose his own apartment according to his rank and means, and settle himself as he thinks best; where one sees flats at home, just like a frequented carnival on rainy days.

Whilst promenading in the galleries or on the broad terrace one makes acquaintance, exchanges friendly words, and arranges to meet in future at some place of general resort, as one does at the promenades at watering-places; and as the assemblage is less numerous, and the choice, therefore, more limited, one even sooner becomes intimately acquainted.

Thus it happened, when Peppa and Magallan wandered arm in arm upon the terrace, enjoying the pure morning air, or watching the last rays of the evening sun, that they were soon remarked by all the young men. By one, however, in particular; he was a Frenchman, the young Count Jules de St. Elme, who, from discontent and aversion of the artificial tone of society, and the vice of the higher circles in Paris, his native place, had escaped from thence to seek among people less cultivated, and under other names, that purity which he considered lost in his fatherland. But in the East the poor young man met with the same character under another form, only more distinctly displayed, and in more repulsive traits; for it appeared under coarse expressions and almost brutal roughness. Thus, in despair of finding there what he desired, he returned to Europe, still uncertain in which of its countries he should now seek for his ideal; for notwithstanding he had become acquainted with love in the boudoirs of Paris, where it is called coquetry, and in the pavilions of the East, where it is called sensuality; he still hoped to find the woman who did not only think that he was a count, but that he had ten thousand a year, or that he was the lion to conquer whom vanity vied in every drawing-room, or the lively youth with the dark blue eyes and the Greek profile; no, the woman who had a heart capable of responding to his own, and who would willingly listen to him without making inward calculations while half yawning at his words of love. Expecting so much as he did, it may be supposed that he had not yet fixed on his future destination, when plenty of time was afforded him to reflect and determine in the hours of quarantine.

The father thought that they would soon resume their old habits, but we have seen that this was not the case, and it even became worse when the fiancées paid their betrothal their usual homage. And when the approaching wedding happened to be mentioned, their annoyance and impatience increased to such a height that all around them were perplexed and grieved.

It only requires one single step from one's self to a thousand. With that one step the confidence and unity of soul, which formerly bound the sisters, was broken.

Magallan became the confidante of the sensitive Matteo; she listened to his complaints of his sister, and heard them without being angry with the complainant; she even admitted to him that he had a right to be displeased.

Peppa listened as usual to the haughty accusations which Colchonstra made to her of the caprices of his Magallan, and she for the first time remarked that her sister was indeed capricious. Thus both characters gained opportunity to develop themselves independently, and to distinguish themselves from each other; the unity of their thoughts was for the first time disturbed, and the almost characteristic uniformity which until now had existed between them had worn off from stupefaction caused to each a soul and a heart.

Oh notwithstanding the wonderful resemblance of their features, the quick-sighted Frenchman would now only have required a single hour to penetrate the peculiarities of each and to make his choice.

Unfortunate he could now immediately distinguish us from each other. I am no longer the gay being I once was."

"You have become pale, Peppa."

"And your cheeks and eyes are brilliant with heightened color. You at least have retained your beauty."

"This is vain talking, Peppa. Your pale nose becomes you very well. One thing, however, I pray you, sister; if he wears the saffron."

"Let us not hate each other, nor should he appear in my rose."

"I promise you," said Magallan, with a firm voice which perhaps sprang from the secret hope that she would be the victor.

And they shook hands with each other with a sincerity which perhaps was the most generous on Peppa's part, for she dared not hope that the count would give her the preference.

"Now let us pay all attention; he must come up the Strand Giovanni. Thus we shall soon learn our fate."

"If he would only come," sighed Peppa, and she gazed with the suspense of intense anxiety and the utmost anxiety upon the rocky steps which led from the sea to the town.

Assuredly this was the last time that the twins were to stand thus united in thought and action, for as soon as Jules should appear, an abyss of pain and pleasure, accomplished wiles, and disappointment full of despair, must open between them, which never could be filled up again.

At length Magallan's conjectures were realized. The young count appeared in the distance. Everything swam before Peppa's eyes from the violence of her feelings. Magallan gazed firmly and firmly at the approaching Jules.

Now they saw him distinctly, certainly; he was neither of the two love tokens. But did they not deserve themselves? He came towards the house.

"He is coming to us!" cried she, as she impulsively seized the trembling Peppa by the

hand. "Let us hasten to the companion-room; we must have cordial."

They ran. Two steps later, old Paolo was gone. They had no sooner got into the room, when Mattheo and Magallan, and the two girls, entered, and a young girl played round her, and, as she did, the silence, which Paolo had said, died.

"You are red, Peppa, and I know why. You have been over excited poor Mattheo, and we are suffering from him."

But Peppa dried her tears, and gently drew back her hand from the girl.

"I might think that the name of you, although you are good Colchonstra. He continues to move towards us."

"I wish I could only hope the name of Colchonstra!" added Magallan.

"But why do you say so? Why do you hate Colchonstra?" He does not deserve it."

"He is a Greek, and hates the French, whom I love," added she, haughtily and openly.

"The name great it may not!" sighed the damsel.

"I wish I could only hope the name of Colchonstra!" added Magallan.

"But why do you say so? Why do you hate Colchonstra?" He does not deserve it."

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"I wish I could only hope the name of Colchonstra!" added Magallan.

"But why do you say so? Why do you hate Colchonstra?" He does not deserve it."

"He is a Greek, and hates



## SOLDIER'S ITEM.

"They were soon in the room. Flora took her mother's hand, at first now, and Oswald held his. A few moments given to greeting, and Flora had taken the hand, and Oswald was clasping hands with his master.

"I had no time we should find you here, Flora."

Mark answered something which nobody could hear, and Captain Barlowe came in.

"Is Henry Oswald with you?"

"No," said Oswald. "He will be in Huddingsham to-morrow. He really wanted us to stay longer with him, Miss Flora, and go on straight to London from Thundersley. What would you have said to that?"

"Thank you," said Miss Flora, hushing it was impossible to say what. "I shall be happy to see him."

"And so, Lou, we are soon to lose you?" whispered Flora, leaning down to him.

"We start from this-morrow, Flora."

"It's not soon enough," put in Mark. "I don't like being in Huddingsham."

"Have you seen your old friends, Mark?" asked Oswald. "Have you been out much?"

"I have not been out at all, and I have seen none of them," responded Mark, gloomily. "I don't want to see them."

"How's Mr. Barker? Have you heard from him lately?"

"I heard the day before I came here," replied Mark, a shade of brightness rising to his countenance. "Barker has all the luck of it in this world. He is in something good again."

"Again!" repeated Oswald, supposing his intuition to smile.

"He writes me word. It's something he has taken in hand and is going to perfect. If it comes to anything I shall return from Barbadoes and join him."

"Oh," said Oswald. "Well, Mark, I hope you will have a pleasant voyage out there, and that you will find your seafaring all you can wish."

Dinner would soon be ready, and Flora was shown to her room. It overlooked the abbey graveyard. She took off her bonnet and stood there, lost in many reminiscences of the past, in the changes that time had wrought, in the uncertain contemplation of the future. What would be poor Mark Gray's future? Would he abide at Barbadoes, applying himself, as well as his abilities allowed him, to the pursuit of his legitimate profession—or would his unstable, weak mind be dawdled with those illegitimate and delusive speculations to the end until they ingested him?

How strangely, wonderfully had they been brought through changes and their accompanying trials! In this very room, where she now stood, Oswald had been born. The poor little boy, sent adrift as he said without a home, motherless, as good as fatherless, had worked out his own way in the world, striving always to make a friend with God. Ah, when did it ever fail! It is the only sure help in life.

And what had her own later troubles been; her cares, anxieties, sorrows? Looking back, Flora saw great cause to reprehend herself: why had she so given way to despair? It was true that she had never, in a certain sense, a degree, lost her trust in God; but she had not believed there could be this bright ending. A little ray of the setting sun was reflected on the tombstone formerly noticed; it fell on the significant inscription, "Buried in misery." Flora wondered whether he, the unhappy tenant, had ever learnt that great truth.

So lost was she in thought that she did not notice any one had come into the room, until a hand was laid upon her shoulder. It was her husband's. He put some letters down in the broad, old-fashioned window-seat.

"They have been sent out to me here from the office," he explained, as Flora glanced at them. "Business letters, all. In one there's a bit of gossip, though: in Allister's."

"Is one of them from Allister?"

"Yes. Jane's going to be married. They have met with some Scotch gentleman out there, an old acquaintance of Jane's, and things are settled. Frank says his tongue is broad Scotch, and he can't understand half he says. Jane does, however, so it's all right."

A smile played upon Flora's lips, as she thought of the old jealousy. She might tell her husband of it some time.

"Does Mr. Allister keep well?" she asked.

"He has been quite well ever since he went there: he says very strong. I hope it has set him up for life. What were you thinking of so deeply, Flora, that you did not hear me come in?"

"At the moment I was thinking of that evening when you and I met there, in the graveyard," she answered, pausing down to it. "What a miserable evening it was!"

"Don't dwell on it, love. I cannot, without a pang of shame."

"Nay, but it is pleasant to look back upon now, Oswald. If only to contrast that time with this."

He shook his head with a sort of shiver, and relaxed into silence, his hand clasping hers.

"Oswald," she resumed in a low tone, "won't you tell me what your suspicion was?"

"I will tell you some time, Flora; not now. Oh, my wife, my wife, how much is there in the past for many of us to repeat?" he continued in what seemed an uncontrollable impulsion. "And it is only through God's mercy that we do repeat."

She laid her head upon his shoulder and let it rest there. Its safe-keeping place, so long as the world, for them, should last.

Only through God's mercy! My friends, may it be said on us all throughout our pilgrimage in this conquered life, and ever abide with us unto the end! Fare you well. This End.

<sup>125</sup> A McCollum man wheeled a Lincoln man through the streets of Springfield, Mass., in compliance with the terms of an election bet. The wheeler won, (she per agreement,) a necklace of six full-blown bladders. The wheeler sat in his low-backed car, smoking calmly, and an immense crowd saw the sight. The next day the city authorities fined the wheeler \$7 for driving a wheelchair on the sidewalk.

<sup>126</sup> The Paleontologist finds no trace in memory of the golden age of the world of which the poets delighted to sing, when all creatures lived together in brotherly peace, and war and bloodshed were unknown. Ever since animal life began upon our planet, there existed, in all the departments of being, carnivorous classes, who could not live but by the death of their neighbors, and who were armed, in consequence, for their dominion, like the butcher with his axe and knife, and the tiger with his hook and claws.

<sup>127</sup> The influences of Balance was only a case of spinning bats!

SWALLOWS AND TROUBLES.—Once a flock or two of gulls, too white, exhausted, or worn out, or when on guard, or when on special hand duty, and report every half hour, more or less; it comes without the retrospective dulness of apathy. Ungrateful paper, called "explosives," acts similarly; a flock at a time will destroy that consecutive wreathes or sleepiness, and in its more powerful than tea, in all its good effects, while its corrosive properties, as far as health, renders it the most valuable importance that a soldier can carry, or to nourishment, thence, or invigorating power. A single plank in a cup of "fat" water will make it quite palatable. A third of a teaspoonful taken at noon, morning, noon, and night, with the food or drink, not only invigorates digestion, but is a great extinguisher of dyspepsia and all bowel complaints in arrears.

BROTH.—The feet will be blistered by a six hours' march in cotton stockings. Wear woolen, rubbing the soles with tallow or soap, if you can, when a heavy march is in prospect.

SOUP.—One pound of sugar mixed with three pounds of ground wheat or oats, (with the bran,) called "Pine," is one of the most nutritious and healthy articles of food in the world for an army, and is easily carried. Jerked beef in nests, made by cutting fresh beef in strips, and drying them in the sun, with a little salt as possible. It will keep good a year.

ARMY BEVERAGE.—Col. Dawes, an experienced East Indian officer, says that coffee and tea should take the place of liquors, and that every man should have some as soon as he gets up in the morning, and also at sundown. During the Crimea war it was found that when the soldiers obtained warm coffee, they sustained fatigue and were comparatively healthy; but when they were in the trenches, and could not get warm tea or coffee, they were subject to dysentery or bloody flux.

SWALLOWING POISON.—Stir in a glass of water a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and kitchen mustard, and drink it instantly—this will empty the stomach in a minute. To antagonize any poison that may be left, swallow the whites of two or three eggs; then drink a cup or two of very strong coffee, or as much sweet milk or cream, if impossible to get coffee.

Poisonous VINES.—Apply a paste made of gunpowder, or sulphur, with milk; renew night and morning until cured. Live on great, soups, rice, and other mild food, having the bowels to act twice a day.

HIVES OR DEATH.—Bury no man unless his head is off, or the abdomen begins to turn green or dark—the only sure sign, but always sure, of actual death.

To STOP BLEEDING.—Four or five drops of peroxide of iron will check completely the flow of blood from all except the largest arteries. Half a teaspoonful will arrest even their bleeding. Each non-commissioned officer should have two ounces of this in a flat tin bottle, wound around with a little cotton batting, on a bit of which the liquid could be dropped for application.

OXYGENIS IS NOT SCRIBLITY—it is a high duty; it is not cowardly, but proudly honorable in a soldier. If your officer speaks sharply, it is neither to insult nor to browbeat; it is to wake up attention, instant and implicit.

For every wounded soldier taken to the hospital in the Crimea war, twelve were taken on account of disease—disease which could be avoided in more than half the cases, by such care as the soldier can take of himself, as directed in these pages. Of the 15,000 lives lost in the Mexican war, only 1,548 were from battle. The United States Sanitary Commission report that 100 soldiers became sick to each 1,000 in the broad, old-fashioned window-seat.

SHIRTS.—A distinguished British Army surgeon says: "More than one-half of all army diseases in warm countries are owing to the exposure of the abdomen to changes of temperature. Shirts should reach the thigh.

IRON CLOTHING.—Every garment which touches a soldier's skin should be woolen in all seasons, most important in the warmest weather. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this item to the health of an army.

LINING WATER.—One teaspoonful of vinegar in a pint of such water, will antagonize all its ill effects on the bowels of those unaccustomed to it.

DISTILLED WATER.—As much powdered alum as will rest on a dime, stirred in a pail of water, will clarify it in five minutes.

SAVING LIFE.—In the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, the soldiers died at the rate of 60 out of 100 per annum, while for the last five months of the war not so many soldiers died of disease as at home, owing to a more systematic and rigid attention to five things:—1st. Selecting healthful camps. 2d. Enforcing strict cleanliness, 3d. Avoiding unnecessary exposure. 4th. Proper preparation of healthy rations. 5th. Judicials.

A TRUE SOLDIER is considered one of the highest types of a man. But that officer merits not the name or the title he bears who does not make the comfort and health of his men a subject of unceasing thought, and of the most indefatigable effort.

CAMP GROWNS.—An elevation is a hundred-fold better than a flat or a hollow; open ground better than among trees; better for health, safer from surprises, and stronger for attack and defense, even if it is calculated to stay but a few hours. Let the tent face the south, the top screened with brushwood, and, if practicable, with a few of boards three inches above the ground, and a ditch around the tent six or eight inches deep.

DISINFECTING WATER improperly has killed thousands of soldiers. If possible, avoid drinking anything on a march. If you must drink, the colder the water the less it will satisfy thirst.

<sup>128</sup> Half a glass of water drunk in sips, swallowing each sip, with a few seconds interval, will more effectively satisfy thirst, and that without any danger, than a quart taken in the usual manner at one draught. It is greatly safer, while marching, to rinse the mouth only, but do that to the utmost extent desired, springing out the water as soon as it becomes warm. Chewing over a stick or pebble makes toes thirst.

MITTENS, for cold weather, should have a thumb and one finger, the other three fingers together, so as to use the trigger handily.

IRON APPRENTICES are said to be cured, if at all possible, by drinking from a smooth or half plain of a tea made of the inner bark of the evergreen tree, twice, brimming each of the cups, with strong tea, with or without sugar, cold or hot. The tree stands northward.

CONVENT'S DOMESTIC SECRETS—Incomes, May and kitchen are among the great evils of war. Knowing this, every Christian should be

most diligent, not only in prayer for the soldiers, and in furnishing them with religious publications in the various ways in distributing a strong and appropriate press, but in providing a means of remittance in a prompt manner to men in peril, as well as to private feelings. A country sometimes makes immediately after a war is over from the members, relatives, sons, and other dependents and descendants of its own discharged soldiers. The principles and habits of the mass follow, or rather accompany, the men through life. In this aspect of the case, it is however not only Christians who feel for men's innocent virtues, but it becomes all who have personal interests at stake, all who have property and feelings of their own.

GENERAL'S AUTOGRAPH.

An Autograph Booklet, Annexed to the General's Autograph.

The following is the general's Autograph.

"It appears that about twenty-seven years ago a Captain Brown, whose family resided in Massachusetts, was the owner of the estate of Mr. Henry E. Clifton, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Va. From some cause, which will remain a secret, a difficulty arose between Captain Brown and Mr. Clifton, wherein the former considered himself the aggrieved party. To revenge himself for the supposed wrong, he stole Mr. Clifton's infant daughter (then but six weeks old) on the day she was christened. The child was brought to Mattaponi, and secretly adopted by Brown and his wife as their own. She was named Julia, and grew to be a woman. When only sixteen years old, she married Mr. James P. Pierce, a painter, who learned his trade in Fall River. Several years ago they moved to Taunton, living for a while in East Taunton, but more recently at the Green. Two children have been born to them, one of whom is now living.

"During this long period Mrs. Pierce has lived

in blind ignorance of her high parentage, and

Mr. Pierce, who took her for better or worse, had

never imagined himself the husband of an heiress.

He abandoned the painter's trade shortly

after learning it, and for several years has earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow at Mr. Mason's works, in this city. This is their history until within a very short time. Now comes the denouement.

"Last summer, while Rev. Mr. Talbot, of this

city, was at Shoreham, he became acquainted

with Mr. Clifton and wife, who, it appears, at the breaking-out of the rebellion converted their Richmond property into cash and moved to Baltimore.

In the course of conversation with the

Mr. Talbot remarked upon the striking resemblance of Mrs. Clifton to a lady parishioner of his at first, but on his repeating the remark Mrs. Clifton inquired the age of the lady. On being informed that she was about twenty-seven, Mrs. Clifton immediately told to her husband, 'Why, that would just be the age of our daughter.'

"The master then received their serious attention.

Mr. Talbot was taken into their confidence

and inquiry instituted as to the reported

parents of the young lady. He returned to Taunton, had a conversation with Mrs. Pierce in regard to her parentage, informed her of the

discrepancy, which led her to ask Mr. Brown, who she had never doubted was her own mother, if she really were such, at the same time telling her the reason of the inquiry. Mrs. Brown, who had kept the secret of the child's parentage for twenty-seven years, was so over come by the question and the development of facts that she immediately became ill and died of the heart disease. Before her death, however, she acknowledged that Mrs. Pierce was not her own daughter. Captain Brown died a number of years ago. Within a few weeks the affair had developed itself rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton and Mrs. Pierce have not met each other, and the old colored woman who nursed the abduced infant has recognized Mrs. Pierce as their real child by a mark on her shoulder. The identity of their long lost daughter having been fully established, Mrs. Pierce and her husband have been invited to live with the Clifton's and share in their wealth; and this they are preparing to do, having broken up housekeeping and disposed of their furniture.

"The crest of the affair is, that Mrs. Pierce is

an only child, and therefore sole heiress to an estate said to be worth hundreds of thousands,

if not millions of dollars, or, as an old lady

said, 'as much as a thousand.'

On being assured that Mrs. Pierce had applied for a divorce from her husband, she has published a card inditing

namely denying the slander."

<sup>129</sup> G. W. Treadway, of Fayette county,

Ind., was accidentally shot in Tipton county some days ago, under circumstances which mark the case as a singular one. Mr. Treadway was out hunting with a friend, and a passenger flew up before him and lit in a tree. His friend fired his rifle, and the ball, after killing the passenger, struck something in the tree, glanced downward, and struck Mr. T. in the heart, killing him instantly.

<sup>130</sup> "Look out for rain," says the Machias

Republican. Mrs. Stephen Berry, of that town,

cried out in her sleep a few nights since, that some one had cut her throat.

She was covered with blood, and on close inspection it was found

that a rat had bitten the side of her neck and ear severely. The sharp tooth varmint also at-

tacked a child in an adjoining room.

<sup>131</sup> Mr. Felt, of Felt, Prentiss, prepares to run his

type-setting machine by steam. If somebody

will only invent a machine editor, we'll all re-

turn to print and edit together.

<sup>132</sup> The rebels were evidently not born to

rule the waves. Since the commencement of the war they have lost twelve iron-clad vessels,

to say nothing of rebel sailors sunk or cap-

tured.

Her long dark hair was neither than beautiful, nor the flowing, wavy, and high-japonic which flowed through them. Her eyes were large, but there is no question as to their depth; they were bright, expressive, and strong, would seem to have been born with the features or chosen among her kindred. Her hair appears to have changed with her years from a reddish yellow color, and from youth to dark brown to black, varying gray long before than her last had faded away, and also faded away slowly from white hair, and still shows on the hair, the vivacity, and still shows on the hair, the beauty of her long dark hair.

Maria of Mary Queen of Scots.

"A particular of Whistler's, W. Va., was hunting a few days since, and not finding any better game, he took a shot at a lot of crows that were soaring in the woods. His wounded one of the birds lit the wing, and when it fluttered to the ground the gunman picked it up. The bird bird cried most pitifully, when suddenly the whole flock came to its assistance and made an attack upon the hunter. They scattered about his head, and picked and plucked him with such violence, that he was obliged to defend himself with a stick, and was finally compelled to let the wounded crow go and beat a retreat.

"A farmer in Pennsylvania, whose sheep had been stolen for many years, offered a notorious sheep-stealer one hundred dollars a year to let his flock alone. That worthy, however, only waited, and said, "No, thank you—I think I can do better."

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Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

**MILITARY AND NAVAL AGENCY.**  
Messrs. E. T. MARSH & Co. have established an Office at No. 601 Walnut street, Philadelphia, and will attend to all classes of claims against the United States Government. They give special attention to the collection of Paymen, Treasury Paymen and Prize Money, and the settling of Periodicals. Having a Branch Office in Washington, D. C., their business is properly attended to, and collections speedily made. Letters answered always by return mail.

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restored Color—BALFOUR PENTON.**

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It does not require any washing or perming before or after its use. It creates a perfectly healthy state of the scalp by acting as a stimulant and tonic to the skin. Especially useful to those who have lost the hair, and especially useful to those who are weak, and who have lost their hair from any cause whatever. In chronic convulsions, or diseases from which they are discharged by no means, they are exceedingly beneficial.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address HENRY S. HANCOCK, 103 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, \$2; two, \$3; three, \$4.

#### FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. HARRIS'S Epileptic Pill to be the only remedy ever discovered.

#### CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing fits, they will be found of especial service for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or fatigued from any cause whatever. In chronic convulsions, or diseases from which they are discharged by no means, they are exceedingly beneficial.

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**TETTER, ITCH, SCALD HEAD, ALL EXCEPTED.**  
Dr. SWAYNE's All-healing Ointment Cures the most difficult cases, and Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 200 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Price 20 cents. Sent by mail.

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W. G. COOPER, 1000 Broad Street.

On the 1st of Nov., by the Rev. W. G. Cooper, 1000 Broad Street, to Miss MARY E. HARRIS, wife of the Rev. W.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Answers.

John Nichols, Cemetery, names the following:

On the Middle and Ohio Railroad, near Terre Haute, there lived a merchant who also kept the Postoffice, part of an evening his store would be full of the customers, until he had his card and the news. While reading the papers there one evening, he came to a paragraph as follows—

"Owing to the large number of emigrants travelling westward, corn will probably command a very high price."

One old gentleman at this point interrupted him, and wanted to know what emigrant from. The merchant stopped reading, and after reflecting for some time, answered, "Well, my friend, to tell you the truth, I don't know, but I believe they are an animal somewhere between a pony and a cow—anyhow, they're death on water."

Our "dear Little," of three years, while trying to get on her stockings one day, discovered a few hairs on her legs, when she exclaimed, "Mother, I think I shall be a angel soon, the feathers are beginning to grow!"

An officer of very small stature but very hasty temper was one day vehemently scolding at the first soldier of his company, a man of uncommon size. The soldier endured for some time patiently and even unconsciously the storm of impatience rising up to him from his diminutive chief. Finally, however, that instead of abating, the rage of his officer went on increasing, he quietly said to his next man, "John, go and fetch him a stool; I believe he wants to give me a box on the ear."

A simple humpkin came into a grocer's shop in a village of Germany, where he was well known for his simplicity, just as the shop-keeper was measuring a pint of olive oil for a customer, who immediately ran away with it.

"What sort of oil is that you have just been measuring there, Mr. G.?" asked he.

"What, Johnny, don't you know? Why, you foolish fellow, that is champagne wine."

"Aha! is it? I didn't think champagne was so."

"Do you like champagne, Johnny?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir; I never drank any of my life."

"Will you have a glass of it?"

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind."

The grocer filled a large tumbler with oil, and gave it to him. He drank it.

"Well, how do you like it, Johnny?"

"Why, I believe it is very good; indeed I do; but I think it is a little too rich for poor people only used to plain living."

"Have you relatives in the army?" asked a second Lieutenant of a lady sitting in the car next him. "Yes." "Your husband?" "Yes sir." "From what state?" "Illinois." "Illinoian" (paraphrasing) has sent some fine troops, man. Your husband wears a strap, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Is he with the Tennessee Army?" "Yes, sir." "May I inquire his name?" I am acquainted with a good many brother officers there." Certainly, sir—Illinois R. Grant." (Exit Lieutenant for smoking cur.)

We were lying near Brandy Station last winter, and the officers of our staff endeavored to relieve the monotonous camp-life by frequent visits to the fair smooth maidens of the surrounding country. One of our staff became quite enamored with a young lady in Culpepper, more noted for her coquettish ideas than for her beauty.

On one of his visits she requested the loan of some books, and the next day he sent over a parcel containing, among other books, Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." To his surprise the orderly returned with the books, and a message from the fair one that she "didn't want any of his nasty Yankee trash."

Not exactly understanding it, he rode over in the evening to inquire what was wrong. The young lady's eyes flashed as she demanded to know how he dared to insult her by sending her a book about "Les Misérables." She knew that Gen. Lee's men weren't as well dressed as the Yankees, but they weren't miserable one bit, and they were—*Harper's Monthly*.

## The Lady's Repentance.

In the life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story is told in connection with a preaching journey in 1814:—"On our way from Wom to Hawkesbury we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following occurrence:—A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and she determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came, he placed the ladder to the window, and, in a few minutes, she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were soon at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying, 'Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make me a good husband.' He was a sturdy fellow, and gruffly answered, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not.' She made him no reply, but, after a silence of a few minutes, the suddenly exclaimed, 'O, what shall we do?' I have left my money behind me in my room.' 'Then,' said he, 'we must go back and fetch it.' They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, 'Are you coming?' when she looked out of the window, and said, 'Perhaps I may, and perhaps not; then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone. Was not that a happy thought on the lady's part—a famous joke?'

"Sir James Ward says:—"If I am drafted I will resign. Deeply grateful for the unexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of some more worthy person. Modesty is what all me. That's what keeps me under."

"I wish," said a son of Eve, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and stay days there."



## DISCRIMINATION.

PROFESSOR.—"May I have the pleasure, Miss Lightfoot, for this walk?"

Miss L. (promptly).—"Oh! very sorry—I'm engaged every walk."

PROFESSOR.—"The next quadrille, then, may I?"

Miss L.—"Well, you look a little more like a quadrille—must say. With pleasure!"

## Young Housekeepers.

"Dearest in all the world are you; But oh, how dear, love, must I, too! Our brother's bill runs up so high! Come tell me, Frederick, tell me why?"

"Why? Because rye can only cheat By weight, or price, in selling meat; Can't, as in other things they can, Mix rubbish with the food of man."

"Bread, milk and groceries, beer and wine, 'The soldiers we give garrison; But mutton must be sheep; a thief Cannot substitute his meat."

"Yes, love, indeed there's truth in that, But then how large a lump of fat They always skewer the meat around. And charge it all the same a pound!"

## CALCULATING GREENBACK CURRENCY.

A Dutchman who keeps a country store in the neighborhood of Boston, had ten pieces of calico on his shelves when the prices began to advance. He sold out at the old rates, and said he—

"When I went to the city to buy more, do money did I get for my ten pieces of calico bought only eight."

I took my eight pieces home, and marked a high profit on 'em, and sold dear fast enough, and when day was all gone, I took my money and went to do city, and by dinner, it is bought only six pieces. Well, thinks I, this is making money backwards. But I took my six pieces now, and put an awful big profit on 'em; and now, thinks I, I must make money like smoke. But when I got dem six pieces sold, I took no money I get for 'em to do city again, and thought I would get about twelve pieces, but the calicos had gone up again, and I got only four pieces. Well, I took dem home, put on a much bigger profit as I did before, and thought now I makes a heap of money. But when I get dem sold and went after more, do calicos had gone up again, and I hoped I may never die if I get more as two pieces for my money. So here I was. I had ten pieces of calico when I started off to sell 'em, and here I am now mit only two pieces and no money. Why, I should ha' been better off if J had shut up de store, keep my calicos, and not sold dem at all."

## A QUESTION.

I close my eyes, and once again

The old, old house and the cedar tree, With its solemn shade on the moonlit lawn, Clear as a vision comes back to me.

The red geraniums mourn for the sun, Yet black they look in the moon's full light; The lesser white roses over the pearly

Smell faintly sweet in the summer-night.

I go through the porch and through the hall, And then I pause by the parlor door; Half open it stands, and the moonlight streams Through open windows upon the floor.

My love sits at the organ and plays,

A wild old melody strange and low,

Dreamily singing a halld quaint,

One that I sang to her long ago.

Softly I steal to her side—she turns, Breaking off in the midst of a line,

"Love, I was thinking of you," she says;

And then she puts both her hands in mine.

She never sings in the parlor now—

In perfect day, by the glassy sea,

Sings a song that the angels know,

But oh! does she ever think of me?

## The Alps.

At first the Alps disappoint travellers. They expect something up in the sky, and are surprised to find that they can look at the highest summits without sticking their chins up into the air. That the range crossed by the Simplon and St. Gothard roads? Pff! And they meant to sit with distant disdain. But they approach, and the great features grow; they lose sight of the summits; they mount; at last they begin to descend; but still the hills shot them in, and at last, when they leave in the plains of Italy and look back at the jagged ridge which shows itself against the sky, and remember the hours of wind and snow they spent in passing them, though by the simplest, easiest road, they pay a late tribute of complimentary retrospect to the loftiest mountain range in Europe.

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## AGRICULTURE.

## Solutions to Easy &amp; Interesting.

How to keep a cow economically is a problem that many a family in the suburbs of all cities would be glad to solve. It must be solved in connection with a garden. The idea of reducing expenses, that is, of reducing the cost of the garden, is worth a considerable portion of the cash necessary to pay out for a cow. If you have half an acre of ground you can have a cow and give all the vegetables you need, providing two tons of hay, or its equivalent, in a year. Indeed, we are not sure but you may get through with one, which is only half the allowance of the winter months. You may gain the other by growing Indian corn on a second crop after all early vegetables, and note that you may have rye growing at the same time, which will give feed early in the spring, which may be out in time to plant several other crops. Your square rods of corn, planted in close drifts, just as early as possible, upon well manured ground, will give grain feed by the time the rye is green. The stalks turned under gives a fair amount of manure. The corn will also be followed by another crop, not of corn, but some kind of vegetables for use or sale. For instance, cucumbers for pickles, and with them, soon after the 10th of August, a crop of white turnips, and with the turnip rye, for sowing and manure.

If you intend to make the garden in great part support a cow, keep no pig. Teach the cow to eat all the slops and garbage of the kitchen. Don't waste a leaf of cabbage, beans, carrots, parsnips, celery, nor any other green thing. Every pea and bean pod, and vine, and every potato or turnip paring, and every green beetroot and cob, and even green potato tops, will be eaten with avidity by the cow in the stable. And in the stable you must keep her all the time. You need not fear any unwholesomeness, if you keep it clean. Let the floor be earth, and use fresh earth every day for bedding, and every day you will gain a pint of rich manure. With careful economy you will be surprised to see what a cow will learn to eat, and how cheaply you can keep a cow and a garden. Try it.

**STEAM PLOUGHING IN ENGLAND.**—The farmers in England are forming societies for the purpose of profitably employing the steam plough to cultivate their land. It is said to be vastly superior to the old system of ploughing by horse-drawn. The time required in turning over the soil is so much reduced, that every advantage can be taken of the weather, and even two days' payment to each chariot to work with the steam plough as with the old one. The earth is more uniformly turned over, and more thoroughly and easily prepared for the reception of the seed; and, above all, money is saved not only in the cost of tilling, but in the enhanced value of the crops, resulting from the improved method of cultivation. Consequently, formed for ploughing and tilling by them, who rent to the farmers the use of their apparatus, and they are said to earn a very large dividend; so that the new system must be profitable to both the farmer and the ploughing company.

**THE ARRIVED LEAVES.**—What are you doing with them? Do you let the wind blow them either and thinner? Do you not know they are well worth gathering, drying and using? To-day, during a ride, we saw German women taking them up by the roadside and filling bags with them. A wagon stood near, and they were to be taken to the suburban gardens to help make early and crisp vegetables for city folks. The Germans are systematic economists; they know that these leaves contain inorganic matter necessary to plants; that it cannot be gotten easily and abundantly in any other form; that for compost, litter for hog-pens, horse-stalls, sheep-sheds, etc., there is nothing better; that for use in hotbeds in spring they are worth ten times the cost of gathering. And yet there are many farmers who will pay a great deal more for a foreign fertilizer which will not yield them so much real profit as the leaves that cover the ground, and which may be had for the gathering. Gather, store, and use the autumn leaves.

**HOW TO DESTROY ANTS.**—An agriculturist, M. Garnier, has just devised an infallible method for getting rid of ants. In a corner of his garden, infested with legions of these insects, he placed four saucers containing sugar and water, with the tenth of its weight of arsenic in the mixture. A number of ants immediately invaded the saucers, but were soon after perceived staggering away, as it were, and some being even engaged in dragging their dead comrades away. From that moment they disappeared from the garden, and on the following day not a single one was to be seen. How and whether this immense population emigrated in so short a time is a mystery which M. Garnier has been unable to clear up, and is inclined to attribute it to some mysterious incident.—*Paris Letter.*

**PACKING EGGS FOR WINTER.**—Mrs. L. W. Dawson, of Kenosha, Wis., says she has kept eggs perfectly good and fresh till a year old in the following manner: She pours some wheat into the bottom of a barrel, and places the eggs, day by day as they are gathered, standing on the small end in the wheat. When that course is full, she pours another layer of wheat on the eggs and repeats the process. When the barrel is full it is covered and placed in a dry cellar. The barrel stands upon the end without turning, and the eggs are taken out as wanted. She says that it is not only unnecessary to reverse the barrel when packed, as recommended by some members of the club, but that it is injurious.

**SAUERKRAUT.**—I believe every metallic stain may be removed by cynoide of potassium. I do not think verdigris can resist its solvent power any more than marlinskij can. Make what chemists call a saturated solution and mix it with a few drops put on with a small brush, and renewed every few minutes will probably remove the stain in less than half an hour; after which, wash in plenty of water. But remember that it is a deadly poison.—W.

**SAUCE BARS'S NEW.**—Look a gall of eggs, and pour upon it slowly a quart of boiling water; pare and core some ripe apples, and place them in a pudding dish; pour the eggs over, and bake until the apples are soft. When cold, turn it out of the dish, and serve with sugar and cream.

**TO MAKE SARATOGA.**—Boil 40 lbs. salt 1 lb., pepper 2 oz., sage + plus—parsley, and mace 1 teaspoonful.

**EAT ALL.**—To one peck of green tomatoes, add eight onions and six peppers. Cut them in slices, sprinkle liberally with salt, and let them remain over night. In the morning drain off the juice, cover with vinegar, and boil five minutes. Again drain off the liquid, then preventing fermentation. Then add a cup of sugar, mustard seed, and onions. Place in a stone jar and cover with cold vinegar. To all kinds of pickled vegetables, this will prove delicious.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**"EASY" AN OLD LADY.**—An elderly lady recently entered one of the principal dry goods stores in Springfield, Massachusetts, and asked to be shown some goods for a "child's dress." The clerk, in attending, displayed the fashionable goods for children's wear, but those not proving satisfactory, the clerk, to be guided in his selection, inquired the age of the child. "About thirty," was the innocent reply.

## THE SATURDAY.

Juliette and Valjean associated themselves with the Saturday Evening Post.

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